

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Make 'Em Pay"

(feat. Krumb Snatcha)

*[Guru]*

First and foremost, some rappers are sweet like fructose  
When I cock back these lyrics, y'all punks best be ghost  
I be the seven twenty-one, eighteen twenty-one  
The illest one, I'm almost dooper than anyone  
Straight out the late nights of Bed-Stuy  
Steppin up, y'all put your weapons up, I make heads fly  
You're artificial like saccarhin  
You're crazy fake, it's more than skills you be lackin in  
Concepts you bite, cause your identity ain't tight  
Tryin to be somethin you're not, like pullin a knife at a gunfight  
I'm troopin on night air like flight number 106  
and gettin all up in your fuckin mix  
You get me upset, and I got you uptight  
cause my committee's in your city tonight, AIGHT?  
We got seventeen million of us plus, two million Indians  
That makes 19 mil, lightin shit up like Wild Bill  
I be the, supreme father plus the ill kid with drama  
My karma, creates the teflon to pierce your body armor  
And make sure you check the shit before you walk to me, or talk to me  
Steppin to me improperly, you just may catch the weaponry  
My specialty is tearin tracks out the frame  
You know my fuckin name, I rule all game  
I'm universal on all planes, what's your claim?

*[Guru]*

Yo, I be your highness, in slickness, you chumps bear witness  
Tremendous tropper, verbal nigga witht he fitness  
Drop you for your spot with the blazer then I blast ya  
Slice precise like ?fenny hanas? when I come to bring the dramas  
Styles so swift, that you can't peep the God  
as your lyrics get buried, six feet deep in my backyard  
I laugh hard, while your mental I run through mazes  
Dark stages of terror to shatter your dressing room mirror  
Your whole error gets crushed, your whole show gets bumrushed  
Too many dumb punks, want to enter this rap scene  
Kickin Willie Bobo, but need to be slapped clean  
into oblivion, the true champion always rises  
I bring surprises to the chief plus their advisers  
Size me up, and you will find nothing's larger  
Catch more wreck on your dome, than a deranged fuckin barber  
So what you made some dough, you best keep on scramblin  
All your vanity, is instantly crushed, when I start handlin  
Demandin that you pay, for your weak rhyme display  
Coast to coast, I break the fakes everyday

*[Krumb Snatcha]*

I see myself as the black Rap Messiah  
Colossal spreadin my gospel through electrical wires  
Spit fire through speech, so I can reach each and every  
Tom Dick and Jerry slippin like petroleum jelly  
Too busy in the limelight, can't rhyme tight  
I got divine right to bring y'all to light  
Somethin ain't right, to be an MC, you gotta thug  
Or to thug you gotta be an MC, this shit is bugged  
Show love but few; deal with crew and crew only  
And think universal like Sony  
Phony pounds and fake hugs is usually avoided  
Give a fuck like Pizza Hut I got to stay Noyd-ed  
Cause that same nigga you trust, could be that same cat  
behind that gat that bust, quiet ya, with the silencer  
Keep it hush, ashes to dust, then dust to ashes  
Nowadays it's who pull out the fastest, imagine this  
rap shit without this gat shit, or the phony cat  
in black talkin bout how much his Mac spit  
But this year, GangStarr got changes bein made  
No wack shit bein played no fake macks gettin paid  
No Versace MC's, with a mouth full of Mo'  
Soundin like a hoe spittin that old-fashioned show flow  
I bombshell that pastel Chanel rap through a Maxwell  
Ever since young Krumb, was taught to rap well  
Goin deep, process of thought, when my eyes closes  
Awaken with interpretive robe and sandals like Moses  
Travellin high sands and Eastern lands for the answers  
Ignorance is spreadin through the streets like it was cancer  
Too many drinkin not thinkin, when behind that trigger  
A 38 escalate the murder rate, for us niggaz  
it's like, microphone roulette cause nowadays MC's is gettin wet  
over someone else's fake gangsta rep